

HEADLINE

10¢

# HEADLINE COMICS

MAR. APR. No. 48

selected from

**TRUE  
POLICE  
and FBI  
CASES**

I DIDN'T CARE HOW  
MUCH YOU PUSHED ME  
AROUND, ARNOLD, BUT  
YOU WENT TOO FAR  
WHEN YOU FORCED MY  
BROTHER INTO YOUR  
ROTTEN RACKET.

SO, YOU'RE THE VULTURE  
PREYING ON THOSE  
UNFORTUNATES WHO ARE  
TRYING TO GO STRAIGHT.  
WELL, WE HAVE CAGES  
RESERVED FOR BIRDS  
LIKE YOU.



**Big 52 pages!**  
DON'T TAKE THEM!





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# NARFESTAR





# THE STORY BEHIND THE ARNOLD RACKETS!

GO AHEAD, TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT ME. THEN PROMISE YOURSELF YOU'LL NEVER FOLLOW MY FOOTSTEPS. I'VE GOT ELEVEN MINUTES LEFT... ELEVEN MORE MINUTES TO THINK OF THE YEARS I'VE THROWN AWAY. THEY GAVE ME TIME OFF ONCE... A CHANCE TO DO SOMETHING WORTHWHILE WITH MY LIFE. I WANTED TO GO STRAIGHT, TO LEAD A QUIET, USEFUL LIFE, TO MAKE MY FRIENDS PROUD OF THEIR FAITH IN ME. BUT WHEN THE CHIPS WERE DOWN, I DIDN'T HAVE THE COURAGE TO FIGHT FOR MY IDEALS, THE SENSE TO TURN TO THE POLICE FOR THE HELP THEY COULD HAVE OFFERED. INSTEAD, I TOOK THE EASY WAY OUT.

I slipped deeper and deeper  
into the clutches of the...

## ENEMY *of* REFORM



In consideration of persons involved, all names in this story are fictitious.

"JOHNNY EASTER, THAT'S ME! FUNNY HANDLE FOR A CON, EH? THAT'S THE ONLY THING FUNNY ABOUT ME. THE REST OF IT ISN'T FUNNY AT ALL... NOT MY LIFE AS A KID IN A TOUGH TENEMENT SECTION... NOT MY CRIME... NOT MY SENTENCE... NOT THE SIX YEARS I SPENT IN PRISON..."



I'VE TOLD THE BOARD ALL ABOUT YOU, JOHNNY... ABOUT HOW YOUNG YOU WERE WHEN YOU MADE YOUR MISTAKE... ABOUT HOW YOU'VE ALWAYS LOOKED OUT FOR YOUR BROTHER. ANYTHING YOU WANT TO ADD?

NO SIR, EXCEPT--IF I AM PAROLED, I'M GOING STRAIGHT!



"FOR DAYS, I WAITED FOR THE VERDICT..."

WELL, FREE! I'LL NEVER FORGET WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR ME, MR. STANTON--MY KID BROTHER--IS HE ALL RIGHT?

HEADLINE COMICS is published bi-monthly by Headline Publications, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y. Editorial and Executive offices at 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. Single copy 10c. Yearly subscription (6 issues) 60c in the U. S. A. Entered as second class matter November 23, 1942, at the Post Office at Buffalo 5, N. Y. under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Entire contents copyrighted 1950 by Headline Publications, Inc. The stories in this magazine are true but names of real persons have been changed and should not be identified with any actual person living or dead. Vol. 5, No. 4, MARCH-APRIL, 1951. Trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Printed in U.S.A.



"JOE STANTON HAD ONCE BEEN THE CORNER COP IN MY NEIGHBORHOOD. I'D KNOWN HIM ALL MY LIFE! I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG! BUT I DIDN'T!"

PHIL? WHY... AH... OF COURSE, YOU'VE GOT GOOD STUFF IN YOU, JOHNNY! YOUR INTEREST IN YOUR BROTHER PROVES THAT! THAT'S ONE REASON I WENT TO BAT FOR YOU! DON'T EVER LET ME DOWN!

DON'T WORRY! I'VE LEARNED THE HARD WAY! I'VE GOT JUST ONE THING TO DO FROM NOW ON AND THAT'S TO LOOK AFTER PHIL!



"I COULD HAND OUT A LOT OF BUNK ABOUT HOW I LOVED MY KID BROTHER! IN MY HEART I MEANT TO PROVE THAT LOVE NOW! AND ONE DAY, THE MOMENT CAME! I WAS HEADED FOR 'OUTSIDE!'"

LEAVING US, EH, JOHNNY? GOOD! I'M GLAD YOU MADE IT!

THANKS, JOHNSON!

HERE'S A NEW FISH, JOHNSON! WANT TO CHECK HIM IN?



"I BARELY GLANCED AT THE NEW FISH... THE NEW CONVICT! I WAS FREE! AND THEN... I HADN'T SEEN HIM FOR SIX YEARS! I HADN'T WANTED HIM TO SEE ME IN PRISON! BUT THAT SCARED, SENSITIVE FACE..."

PHIL! IT CAN'T BE... BUT... BUT IT IS!



WHAT'S HE DONE? WHY IS HE HERE? YOU'VE GOT TO TELL ME, I'M HIS BROTHER!

HE'S HERE TO DO THREE TO FIVE, IF YOU MUST KNOW! NOW, TURN LOOSE ON THAT ARM, MISTER! GET MOVING!



"THE HABITS OF SIX YEARS ARE NOT EASILY BROKEN. INSTINCTIVELY I MOVED ON! DAZED, SICK... BUT I MOVED ON! AND BEFORE ME THERE DANCED A PICTURE OF THAT SCARED, WHITE FACE!"

HELLO, JOHNNY! I GUESS YOU SAW HIM, EH? JEAN AND I CAME UP TO SAY GOOD-BYE TO HIM AND TO... TO... YOU REMEMBER JEAN, DON'T YOU?

YEAH, I REMEMBER HER! I...



WHAT HAPPENED? WHY IS PHIL HERE? YOU KNEW HE WAS IN TROUBLE, DIDN'T YOU? WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME?

TAKE IT EASY, JOHNNY! PHIL GOT IN WITH A BAD CROWD, STOLE A CAR! THERE WAS AN ACCIDENT! WE DIDN'T TELL YOU BECAUSE IT WOULDN'T HAVE HELPED! YOU MIGHT HAVE DONE SOMETHING FOOLISH!







"PHIL WAS IN A BAD WAY! I KNOW THAT FEELING! THE HOPELESS, CAGED-IN TERROR OF... TIME! TIME WITHOUT END! I TRIED TO REASON WITH HIM, TO SOOTHE HIM! BUT...



"I STAYED IN LINE! FOUR LONG, EMPTY MONTHS I WORKED AND THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO FOR PHIL! AND THEN, ONE DAY, IT BEGAN...



IT'S A PITY THAT A MAN OF YOUR TALENTS MUST LIVE LIKE THIS! I LIKE YOU, EASTER! THAT'S WHY... I'VE GOT ANOTHER JOB FOR YOU!





CHICKEN FEED! I SAID... A **JOB!** THERE'S A SHIPMENT OF FINE FURS LEAVING A CERTAIN WAREHOUSE AT NINE TONIGHT, EASTER! **YOU'RE GOING TO HELP ME... AH... TAKE IT!**

TAKE... IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D SAY YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT HIJACKING! BUT THAT'S CRAZY! YOU RUN AN EMPLOYMENT AGENCY... NOT A RACKET!



IT TAKES YOU A WHILE TO CATCH ON, DOESN'T IT, EASTER? I RUN A FEW SIDE-LINES! NOW, ARE YOU IN OR NOT?

YOU... WHY, YOU CHEAP, DIRTY... NO, I'M NOT IN! **I'M GOING STRAIGHT!** GET OUT! GET OUT BEFORE I THROW YOU OUT!



LOOK, EASTER! YOU DON'T KNOW IT, BUT YOU BROKE YOUR PAROLE LAST WEEK! THAT CAR YOU DELIVERED FOR ME WAS STOLEN! YOUR NAME WAS ON THE BILL OF SALE! REMEMBER? ONE WORD FROM ME AND... UGH!

**WHY YOU DIRTY NO...**



I'LL OVERLOOK THAT, EASTER! NOW, LISTEN! IF YOU WENT TO THE POLICE, IT'S YOUR WORD AGAINST MINE! YOU'RE AN EX-CON! I'M A RESPECTABLE BUSINESS-MAN! NOW YOU PLAY BALL OR I'LL TIP OFF THE PAROLE BOARD ABOUT THAT CAR!

ALL RIGHT! YOU WIN! WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?



THAT'S BETTER! MUCH BETTER! IT'S EASY, REALLY! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS PLAY BALL! I TOLD YOU THAT FOUR MONTHS AGO, IN MY OFFICE, REMEMBER?



"THAT NIGHT, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN SIX YEARS, THERE WAS A ROD IN MY POCKET!"

JOHNNY! JOHNNY EASTER!

JAKE LAMSON! BILL CLAY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS... THE SAME THING YOU ARE! SO ARNOLD GOT YOU, TOO!



"I KNEW THESE MEN! I HAD DONE TIME WITH THEM! IN THE NEXT FEW MOMENTS I LEARNED A LOT! FLOYD ARNOLD HAD A MOB! A MOB OF EXPERTS, HAND PICKED, AND COMPLETELY UNDER HIS THUMB!"

THAT'S THE DEAL, JOHNNY! ARNOLD'S GOT US OVER A BARREL! US AND A LOT OF OTHER GUYS! WE TAKE ORDERS! IF WE DON'T... IT'S BACK TO THE BIG HOUSE... ON TRUMPED UP PAROLE VIOLATIONS!



YEAH, AND IF WE DON'T GET GOING, THAT TRUCK WILL BE GONE BEFORE WE GET A CRACK AT IT! ARNOLD WOULDN'T LIKE THAT! COME ON!





"IT WAS SO FAMILIAR,  
SO ROTTENLY FAMILIAR..."



THAT'S RIGHT! DROP DOWN  
NICE AND EASY AND NO-  
BODY GETS HURT! TAKE  
THE WHEEL, JOHNNY!

RIGHT!

YOU-- TAKE MY  
TRUCK, WILL  
YOU?

OKAY, WISE  
GUY!



TAKE  
IT!



I HEAR A  
MOTORCYCLE!  
PROBABLY A  
TROOPER!  
GET THE  
TRUCK  
GOING!



"CLAY AND I GOT TO THE CAB OF  
TRUCK WHILE LAMSON FIRED AT THE  
FAST APPROACHING MOTORCYCLE!"



"I SAW WHAT HAPPENED IN THE MIRROR OF THE  
TRUCK I WAS DRIVING! I WAS AN ACCESSORY  
TO A DOUBLE MURDER! IT ROARED OVER AND  
OVER IN MY HEAD AS I DROVE BACK TO THE  
GARAGE! AFTERWARD..."

NICE GOING BOYS! JAKE,  
HERE, TOLD ME HOW YOU  
HANDLED THE JOB! HE  
BEAT YOU BACK BY  
TEN MINUTES!  
GOOD WORK!

GOOD WORK! THERE  
ARE TWO DEAD  
MEN ON THE ROAD  
BACK THERE, ARNOLD!  
YOU--





"I RAVED, I SCREAMED, I SHOUTED... AND ARNOLD SMILED! AND WHEN I HAD FINISHED..."

NOW THAT YOU'VE GOTTEN IT OFF YOUR CHEST... GET BUSY! I WANT THAT TRUCK UNLOADED AND OUT OF HERE IN HALF AN HOUR!

COME ON, EASTER! WHY TALK YOURSELF BACK INTO THE PEN?

"I WAS SICK! SICK! AND JAKE LAMSON'S VOICE DROWNED IN MY EARS..."

DON'T BE A CHUMP, EASTER! WHAT CHANCE DOES AN EX-CON HAVE ANYWAY?

YOU CAN MAKE DOUGH, EASTER! WHY NOT?

"WHY NOT? WHY NOT? PHIL WOULD NEED A START! AND I WAS TRAPPED! FOR DAYS THOSE WORDS WERE ALWAYS WITH ME! WHY NOT?"

SO YOU FINALLY GOT SMART, EH? I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D PASS UP A CHANCE TO MAKE REAL DOUGH! I NEED A FRONT MAN, EASTER! YOU'LL DO FINE!

IF IT MEANS DOUGH... OKAY!

"AND SO..."

FROM NOW ON, YOU MONKEYS WILL BE TAKING ORDERS FROM ME! I...

FROM... US, EASTER! FROM US! THINGS SHOULD WORK OUT VERY NICELY! VERY NICELY!

"FLOYD ARNOLD'S SETUP WAS BIG! HE HAD GUNMEN, STOOLES, CRIBMEN, EVERYTHING! AND EVERY MAN UNDER PERFECT CONTROL! I MADE MONEY! MORE MONEY THAN I KNEW EXISTED! BUT I LOST SOMETHING, TOO!"

OKAY, SO YOU'VE BEEN HEARING RUMORS ABOUT ME! WHAT ABOUT IT?

JUST THIS! YOU'RE NOT FOOLING ME, JOHNNY! YOU'VE GONE BACK TO THE RACKETS! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU'RE GETTING AWAY WITH IT BUT... PLEASE, JOHNNY, STOP! STOP WHILE YOU CAN!

PHIL WILL NEED MONEY WHEN HE GETS OUT! I'M GETTING IT FOR HIM!

YOU KNOW BETTER THAN THAT! NOW YOU'RE RIGHT BACK WHERE YOU STARTED! I WISH YOU LUCK, JOHNNY! I'VE GOT A HUNCH YOU'RE GOING TO NEED IT!

"JOE STANTON WAS MY FRIEND, THE ONLY REAL FRIEND I'D EVER HAD! I THOUGHT OF THAT THE NEXT TIME I VISITED PHIL!"

JOHNNY, JEAN TOLD ME THAT YOU'VE GONE BACK! IT ISN'T TRUE, IS IT, JOHNNY?

OF COURSE IT ISN'T TRUE! JEAN JUST DOESN'T UNDERSTAND! I'VE GOT A GOOD JOB, THAT'S ALL! WHEN YOU GET OUT, I'LL HAVE ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US!

"PHIL BELIEVED ME! IT WAS AFTER THAT VISIT WITH HIM THAT I TRIED TO GET OUT FROM UNDER!"

QUIT? SURE YOU COULD QUIT! BUT YOU WON'T! YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO GO TO THE CHAIR, WOULD YOU, JOHNNY? FOR... MURDER?

YOU'D NEVER PIN THAT ON ME! LAMSON DID THE SHOOTING! I WAS JUST...









ALL RIGHT, I... I GUESS YOU WIN! YOU'VE GOT MY WORD!

THANKS, JOHNNY! I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, BUT I KNEW YOU'D SAY THAT! YOU'RE PRETTY TOUGH... BUT ONLY ON THE OUTSIDE! GOOD-BYE, JOHNNY! GOOD LUCK!



"TOUGH? I WONDER WHAT JOE STANTON WOULD'VE THOUGHT IF HE COULD'VE SEEN ME AFTER HE LEFT! ME, JOHNNY EASTER!



YOU'LL REGRET THIS, EASTER! NO EX-CON MANHANDLES ME! YOU... UGH!

THIS ONE DOES! GET THIS, YOU MANGY, LITTLE MOUSE! I'M THROUGH! I'M QUITTING! THIS IS SO YOU'LL REMEMBER!



"FLOYD ARNOLD CLAWED AT ME AND I SLAPPED HIS WEASEL-LIKE FACE UNTIL HIS HEAD BOBBED ON HIS SKINNY NECK LIKE A BALL ON A STRING!

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY! ANYTHING! BUT DON'T HIT ME AGAIN! D-DON'T!

YOU BET YOU WILL! BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T, I'LL KILL YOU, ARNOLD! I DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO ME ANYMORE! YOU FIXED THAT!



WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?

NOTHING! I'M LEAVING TOWN; FOR GOOD! YOU CAN TURN ME IN IF YOU WANT TO... BUT IF YOU DO, I'LL GET YOU! I DON'T CARE ANYMORE, ARNOLD! ABOUT ANYTHING!



"I COULD FEEL THOSE SHOE BUTTON EYES BORING INTO MY BACK WHEN I LEFT! BUT FLOYD ARNOLD'S HOLD ON ME WAS BROKEN! YOU CAN'T THREATEN A MAN... WHO DOESN'T CARE ANYMORE! AND THAT AFTERNOON...

GOOD-BYE, PHIL!



"I HEARD FROM JOE STANTON, NOW AND THEN, AT FIRST HIS LETTERS ABOUT PHIL WERE CHEERFUL! BUT ONLY AT FIRST! I COULD TELL, AFTER A WHILE, THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG...

JOHNNY! WHEN DID YOU GET BACK TO TOWN?

TWENTY MINUTES AGO! WHAT'S WRONG WITH PHIL, STANTON? AND DON'T TELL ME I'M IMAGINING THINGS! YOUR LETTERS HAVE MENTIONED HIM LESS AND LESS FOR MONTHS!



SO YOU GUESSED, AFTER ALL / WELL, YOU MAY AS WELL KNOW / **PHIL'S RUNNING WITH A MOB!**

YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR HEAD / PHIL MAY HAVE BEEN A WILD KID / BUT UNTIL HE STOLE THAT CAR HE NEVER DID ANYTHING CROOKED!



HE IS NOW! I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING BUT HE JUST DENIES IT / ASK HIM, IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME / MAYBE HE'LL TALK TO YOU!

I'LL DO THAT! / AND IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE... I'LL **STRAIGHTEN** HIM OUT IF I HAVE TO BEAT HIM TO A PULP!



"HAVE YOU EVER LOOKED INTO A MIRROR AND NOT LIKED WHAT YOU SAW THERE? I DID, WHEN I SAW PHIL / HE WAS ME / ME AS I HAD BEEN A FEW YEARS AGO! TOUGH! COCKY! WISE!"

PHIL / WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU? LOOK AT YOURSELF / YOU LOOK LIKE A ...MUG!

SO WHAT? / WHAT DO YOU THINK **YOU** LOOK LIKE? IF IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME, TOO!



PHIL, LISTEN TO ME! YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE! THERE'S JUST ONE ENDING FOR A RACKET GUY / ON A SLAB! IF IT'S DOUGH YOU'RE AFTER, I'VE GOT PLENTY! IT'S YOURS! BUT GO **STRAIGHT!**

SAVE IT! I'LL MAKE MY OWN DOUGH! JUST LIKE YOU DID!



"PHIL WAS... DIFFERENT! HE LAUGHED AT ME, SWORE AT ME..."

I'LL LIVE MY OWN LIFE, JUST LIKE YOU DID! ALL I WANT YOU TO DO IS STAY OUT OF MY WAY! AND...

SHUT UP YOU HALF-BAKED LITTLE FOOL! **SHUT UP!**



"HE JUST LOOKED AT ME! THEN, HE TURNED HIS BACK! I WALKED OUT SILENTLY! I HAD NOTHING LEFT NOW! IN MY HOTEL ROOM I SAT FOR HOURS, STARING AT THE WALLS! THEN, SOMEONE KNOCKED..."

IT... IT'S NICE OF YOU TO COME AND SEE ME, JEAN!

I DIDN'T COME BECAUSE I WANTED TO! I CAME BECAUSE I HAD TO! PHIL TOLD ME WHAT HAPPENED!



I SEE! I'M SORRY ABOUT THAT! I DIDN'T MEAN TO HIT PHIL! BUT HE'S MAKING SUCH A ROTTEN MISTAKE! I WANTED TO SHOW HIM!

PHIL HASN'T MADE ANY MISTAKE! **YOU** MADE THE MISTAKE! PHIL IS DOING WHAT HE'S DOING BECAUSE OF YOU! TO SAVE **YOU!** AND YOU AREN'T WORTH IT!







"SHE DIDN'T BELIEVE ME! BUT THAT DIDN'T HURT ANY MORE! PHIL HAD COME THROUGH! HE HAD TAKEN IT, FOR ME! I WAS SMILING, LATER, WHEN I WENT TO ARNOLD'S OFFICE!



"I WAS STILL STANDING THERE WHEN THE POLICE CAME! I TOLD THE TRUTH AT MY TRIAL! ALL THE TRUTH! IT GOT PHIL OFF, BUT AS FOR ME... WELL, I'LL BE FREE SOON, TOO! FREE... FOREVER!





Joe Enders was in a tough spot! Unarmed and wounded, he faced certain death at the hands of the same gunman who shot down his buddies. Only a miracle could save him now! And that miracle had to come from...

# BEYOND THE GRAVE!

In consideration of innocent persons involved, all names in this true story are fictitious.



adapted from a  
**TRUE  
POLICE  
case**

AROUND THE PRECINCT STATIONS THEY CALL IT THE "MILKMAN" HITCH... MID-NIGHT TO EIGHT A.M. THE COPS USUALLY CHECK IN EARLY AND SIT AROUND THE STATION RECREATION ROOM WAITING TO GO ON DUTY.

WHAT'RE YOU READING, SARGE- COPS AND ROBBERS? ANY- THING GOOD?

NOT BAD! NOT BAD AT ALL-- BUT YOU KNOW, FLANAGAN, SOMETIMES I THINK I OUGHT TO TAKE A CRACK AT THIS STORY WRITING GAME!

YOU'RE KIDDING!

WHY NOT! I'VE SEEN SOME PRETTY FUNNY THINGS HAPPEN IN MY TWENTY-TWO YEARS ON THE FORCE! I CAN REMEMBER ONE CASE IN PARTICULAR... ONE I HAD **PERSONAL** INTEREST IN --

MAKE IT GOOD, SARGE!

JUST DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO HIM, SARGE! GO ON, TELL US ABOUT IT!





"OKAY, I WILL! ACTUALLY, THIS CASE STARTED WHEN I WAS ABOUT NINE! THAT'S WHEN I MET FRED AND BILL! WE GREW UP TOGETHER, WENT TO SCHOOL TOGETHER, JOINED THE FORCE TOGETHER! THAT'S WHEN IT BEGAN..."

I KNOW HOW YOU MUST FEEL... THE OTHER MEN EVEN CALL YOU THE THREE MUSKETEERS! BUT IT CAN'T BE HELPED! I HATE TO BREAK YOU UP, BUT... ORDERS! I'M SORRY!



"YOU SEE, FRED AND BILL HAD BEEN ASSIGNED TO A PROWL CAR... AND WE'D ALWAYS BEEN TOGETHER, BEFORE!"

WE'LL MISS YOU, JOE!

YEAH! WHY COULDN'T WHO-EVER DESIGNED THESE BLAMED THINGS HAVE BUILT 'EM TO CARRY THREE!

AW, CUT IT OUT, YOU TWO! YOU MAKE IT SOUND AS THOUGH I WAS NEVER GOING TO SEE YOU AGAIN!



SOMETIMES, BEING A COP HAS ITS DRAWBACKS! I FEEL LIKE I'M MISSING AN ARM WITH JOE NOT AROUND! HE... HEY! LOOK, AT THAT!

DOING EIGHTY IF THEY'RE DOING A MILE! LET'S STOP THEM!



IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THEY FIGURE ON STOPPING!

THEY'LL STOP, ALL RIGHT! GRAB THAT RIOT GUN AND HANG ON! NOW!



THAT DID IT!



"THREE MEN RAN FROM THAT CAR AND DISAPPEARED UP AN ALLEY AND FRED AND BILL FOLLOWED! IT HAPPENED FAST!"

AMBUSH! THEY WERE... AHHH...



"FRED DROPPED DEAD! BUT BILL KEPT COMING, EVEN WITH A SLUG IN HIM! THAT'S HOW HE GOT THE GUN!"

ONE OF 'EM'S STILL ON HIS FEET!

FORGET IT! COME ON! HE'S DONE!







THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!



WHEEE-EE

THAT'S A POLICE WHISTLE! COME ON! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

"THAT WAS MY BEAT AND I WAS THE COP BEHIND THAT WHISTLE! I'D HEARD THE SHOTS, THAT'S HOW I MANAGED TO GET THERE BEFORE... BEFORE BILL DIED!"

GUN... I GOT... HIS GUN! THREE... MEN! ONE TALL... LIMPED... JOE, YOU... YOU... GET 'EM! YOU... AHHHH...

I'LL GET 'EM, BILL! THAT'S A PROMISE! BUT NOW... BILL! BILL!



"I TRIED GETTING PUT ON THE CASE, AFTERWARD! I TRIED HARD! BUT I WAS A PATROLMAN, NOT A DETECTIVE!"

I'M SORRY, ENDERS! IF YOU WANT TO GO AFTER THE MEN WHO KILLED YOUR BUDDIES ON YOUR OWN TIME, I CAN'T STOP YOU! BUT I CAN'T HELP YOU, EITHER! AT LEAST... NOT OFFICIALLY!

AND... UNOFFICIALLY, LIEUTENANT?



UNOFFICIALLY... THOSE MUGS WERE RUNNING FROM A STICK-UP! THE CAR THEY USED WAS STOLEN! NO PRINTS ON THE GUN! BUT RIGHT NOW, IT'S IN THE LAB! GOOD LUCK, ENDERS!

THANKS, LIEUTENANT! I'LL JUST TAKE A LITTLE WALK TO THE LAB!



NO LUCK, ENDERS! TRACING THAT GUN IS OUT OF THE QUESTION! NO BALLISTIC RECORD, NO FINGERPRINTS, NO RECORD OF PURCHASER, NO NOTHING! JUST THIS!

THIS?



WE PUT THE GUN THROUGH WHAT WE CALL THE 'VACUUM CLEANER'! THIS IS WHAT CAME UP! LINT FROM A MAN'S POCKET! ONLY THING UNUSUAL IS THAT IT SHOWS TRACES OF POLLEN... FROM CHERRY TREES!

CHERRY TREES! CHERRY TREES IN CHICAGO! BUT... THERE JUST AREN'T ANY!





"FOUR YEARS WENT BY AND I EARNED MY SERGEANTS STRIPES! BUT THERE WAS NO JOY IN THEM, NOT WITHOUT FRED AND BILL! I KEPT THINKING ABOUT THEM! AT HOME, AT MY DESK, AT...



FINAL IN LINE-UP! JOHN "GIMPY" LEWIS, ARRESTED TENTH AND MAIN, LOITERING! NEAR PRODUCE BANK! RECORD OF FOUR ARRESTS...

WAIT A MINUTE! THAT LAST MAN! LEWIS! **GET HIM BACK!**



"I SUPPOSE I'D QUESTIONED TWO HUNDRED OR MORE TALL MEN WHO LIMPED IN THE PAST FOUR YEARS! BUT... THERE WAS ALWAYS A CHANCE!

COPS! HOW WOULD I KNOW ABOUT COPS? ESPECIALLY DEAD COPS! I NEVER KILLED NOBODY! YOU'RE MAD!

THEN SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME JUST WHERE YOU WERE AT NINE O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 3RD, FOUR YEARS AGO!



"THAT'S A LONG TIME, FOUR YEARS! FEW MEN COULD REMEMBER THAT FAR BACK... UNLESS THEY HAD A REASON! BUT GIMPY LEWIS REMEMBERED!

SURE! I WAS UP ON MY FARM! TENDING MY CHERRY TREES! I'M A FARMER! I STILL OWN THE PLACE! YOU CAN CHECK! ROUTE THIRTEEN, KENT COUNTY!

THAT'S A LIE! FOUR YEARS AGO ON THAT DATE YOU WERE IN A CAR, RUNNING FROM A STICK-UP! AND YOU RAN INTO TWO COPS IN A PROWL CAR!



"CHERRY TREES! I WAS CLOSE! I HAMMERED AT GIMPY FOR HOURS! ONLY ONCE, FOR A MINUTE, DID I LEAVE HIM! AND FINALLY HE BROKE!

ALL RIGHT! I'LL TELL YOU! I WAS IN ON IT! BUT I COULDN'T HELP IT! IT WAS SLICK AND LEFTY! THEY DID IT!

THAT'S BETTER, GIMPY! NOW, HOLD IT THERE! I WANT THIS IN WRITING, WITH YOUR SIGNATURE UNDER IT!



"THERE WAS A POLICE STENOGRAPHER RIGHT OUTSIDE! I COULD HAVE CALLED TO HIM! BUT I DIDN'T! INSTEAD, I WALKED TOWARD THE DOOR AND MY BACK WAS TO GIMPY!

I'M NOT FRYING, COPPER! NOT FOR KNOCKING OFF A PAIR OF DUMB FLATFOOTS!

UGH!



"GIMPY WOULD TALK JUST SO FAR, THEN STOP! I KNEW THAT! AND I WANTED THREE RATS, NOT ONE! THAT'S WHY I HAD ARRANGED AN OPPORTUNITY FOR HIM TO ESCAPE!

NICE GOING, DAVIS! NOW... GIVE ME THAT ADDRESS!

YOU WERE RIGHT, SERGEANT! HE CAME OUT OF YOUR WINDOW RIGHT ON SCHEDULE! I'VE BEEN ON HIS TAIL EVER SINCE!







GIMPY WASN'T IN THE PLACE, NOT OUT FRONT, ANYWAY! BUT THERE WAS A DOOR AT THE BACK ... AND THAT DOOR LED TO ANOTHER!



"AND THEN THERE WAS... ONE! THE WAY I SAW IT, THERE WAS JUST ONE PLACE WHERE THAT "ONE" COULD BE! GIMPY'S FARM! A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER, I ASKED FOR A LEAVE!



"I FOUND THE FARM WITHOUT TOO MUCH TROUBLE!





SLICK SENT ME!  
OH, HE DID, EH?  
THAT'S INTERESTING!  
REAL INTERESTING!



"I KNEW ALMOST AT ONCE,  
THAT I HAD MADE A MISTAKE!  
SLICK WAS DEAD AND LEFTY  
KNEW IT! I DIDN'T WAIT FOR  
LEFTY TO GET HIS ROD ALL  
THE WAY OUT!"

HERE'S THE  
MESSAGE,  
HARD GUY!

UGH!



"FOUR YEARS WERE IN THAT  
PUNCH! FOUR BITTER, LONELY  
YEARS! IT WAS QUITE A WHILE  
BEFORE LEFTY CAME TO!"

HOW...  
HOW DID  
YOU FIND  
ME?

IT'S A LONG STORY,  
LEFTY! ALL ABOUT  
THE BIRDS AND  
THE BEES! POLLEN,  
LEFTY! EVER HEAR  
OF IT? SOMETIMES IT  
COMES FROM CHERRY  
TREES... JUST LIKE  
THOSE!



"IT WAS  
A LONG  
DRIVE  
BACK  
TO THE  
CITY!  
MY JOB  
WAS  
DONE!  
I FELT  
HAPPY  
AND A  
LITTLE  
SAD,  
BOTH  
AT THE  
SAME  
TIME!  
THAT'S  
WHY I  
STOPPED  
A FEW  
HOURS  
LATER..."

SAY,  
WHAT  
IS  
THIS?

A CEMETERY, RAT! THE  
CEMETERY YOU SENT  
TWO GOOD MEN TO!  
COME ON, WE'RE PAYING  
A CALL!



"SENTIMENTAL! SURE, I WAS SENTIMENTAL! THERE  
WERE TEARS IN MY EYES WHEN I STOOD BE-  
SIDE THE TWO GRAVES!"



"I DIDN'T  
HEAR THE  
SNAP OF  
THE  
BLADE  
AS LEFTY  
TOOK THE  
KNIFE  
FROM ITS  
HIDING  
PLACE!  
BUT  
SOME-  
THING  
WARNED  
ME! I  
TURNED...  
AND THE  
KNIFE  
WENT  
INTO MY  
SIDE  
INSTEAD  
OF MY  
SPINE!"

YOU SHOULDN'T  
HAVE TURNED  
YOUR BACK,  
COPPER!

OH!



"I GRABBED AND HUNG ON... AND THAT LICKING,  
RED HOT BLADE FOUND ME! TWICE... THREE  
TIMES!"





"I FOUGHT FOR MY LIFE! BUT I WAS HURT! HURT BAD AND I COULDN'T MOVE! I JUST WAITED..."

NOW, COPPER! NOW! I'M LEAVING! BUT BEFORE I DO, I'M GOING TO SEND YOU ON YOUR WAY! TO JOIN YOUR PALS!



"THAT WAS WHEN IT HAPPENED! LEFTY SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE STONE! IT WAS RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM ON BILL'S GRAVE!"



"LEFTY NEVER MOVED AGAIN. FOR AWHILE I JUST STOOD THERE HURTING. THEN AFTER AWHILE I BEGAN TO UNDERSTAND! ABOUT FRED AND BILL, I MEAN WHAT THEY HAD DONE FOR ME."



IT-IT'S ALL OVER NOW, BOYS! THANKS- THANKS FOR THE- HELPING HAND!

SAY, SARGE, THAT IS A GOOD YARN! MAYBE I HAD YOU ALL WRONG! WHY DON'T YOU SEND IT TO THAT MAGAZINE! MAYBE THEY'LL PRINT IT!

YEAH, MAYBE! THE ONLY TROUBLE IS THE ENDING! WHO'D EVER BELIEVE IT!



**THE GREATEST INDIAN THAT EVER LIVED!**

**NOW IN COMICS!**



**AMERICAN EAGLE**

STARS IN THE NEXT ACTION-PACKED ISSUE OF YOUR FAVORITE WILD WEST COMIC!!





# BURIED ALIVE!

In consideration of innocent persons involved, all names in this true story are fictitious.

He was left to rot in the musty blackness of the escape proof dungeon. But Special Agent Walter Kearns refused to quit! He vowed to prove that, although he may be down, a G-Man's never out!

SO YOU'RE WALTER KEARNS, SPECIAL AGENT! YOU DON'T LOOK VERY IMPRESSIVE, G-MAN, IT'S A PITY YOUR FBI FRIENDS CAN'T SEE YOU NOW!

ONE OF THESE DAYS, THEY WILL, AND WHEN THEY DO, YOU AND I WILL BE CHANGING PLACES!

adapted from a  
**TRUE  
FBI  
CASE**

ANY FEDERAL AGENT WILL TELL YOU THAT SOMETIMES A CASE DOES NOT END WITH THE CAPTURE AND CONVICTION OF THE WANTED MAN. TAKE, FOR INSTANCE, THE CASE OF ROLAND MARSH, CONVICT NUMBER 11613, AND OF WALTER KEARNS, THE MAN WHO GAVE HIM THAT NUMBER...

YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, MARSH? WELL, HERE I AM!

MY WIFE HAS BEEN WRITING TO ME, G-MAN, ABOUT HOW YOU'VE BEEN TAKING CARE OF HER AND THE KID SINCE I'VE BEEN IN COLD STORAGE. YOU'RE OKAY, KEARNS.

THANKS! BUT YOU DIDN'T GET ME OUT HERE TO TELL ME THAT!

NO, I DIDN'T! I WANT TO TIP YOU OFF TO THE THINGS GOING ON IN HERE THAT THE FBI WOULD BE REAL INTERESTED IN... **RACKETS!**

IN HIS NINE YEARS AS A G-MAN WALTER KEARNS HAD HEARD MANY FANTASTIC STORIES... BUT THIS ONE... **RACKETS GOING ON INSIDE PRISON...** WAS TOO MUCH...

THANKS FOR THE TIP, MARSH. I KNOW YOU MEANT WELL, BUT...

BUT I'M TELLING YOU THE TRUTH, I'M **RISKING** MY NECK SAYING THAT MUCH. BUT YOU'VE DONE ME A FAVOR. NOW I'M DOING YOU ONE. THE REST IS UP TO YOU!





STIR-CRAZY! THAT WAS WALTER KEARNS' FIRST REACTION. BUT HE HAD SAID ALL HE INTENDED TO SAY! TO THE G-MAN'S QUESTIONS, HE GAVE NO ANSWERS, AND LATER...



RACKETS? HERE? THAT'S A BIT HARD TO SWALLOW, KEARNS! IT'S **IMPOSSIBLE!** STILL, IF YOU WANT TO INVESTIGATE...

NO, OF COURSE NOT, WARDEN! THE MAN'S JUST A BIT CELL-HAPPY, I SUPPOSE! I WON'T TROUBLE YOU ANY FURTHER!

ACCOMPANIED BY A PRISON GUARD, THE FEDERAL AGENT WAS CROSSING THE PRISON YARD TO THE GATE, WHEN...



ARGH-H-

WHAT THE...

THAT VOICE... IT... IT'S **MARSH!** HE'S HURT! I'M GOING BACK AND CHECK ON HIM!

A FEW SECONDS LATER...

IT'S MARSH! SOMEONE'S STABBED HIM! **HE'S DEAD!**



FANTASTIC! AND YET ALL G-MEN ARE TAUGHT THAT NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE, NOTHING TOO "FANTASTIC" TO ESCAPE INVESTIGATION! A FEW DAYS LATER, AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS IN WASHINGTON...

WITH A SPECIAL AGENT ON THE SCENE, THE INVESTIGATION THAT FOLLOWED WAS SWIFT AND THOROUGH! AND... FRUITLESS!



IT'S INCREDIBLE, WARDEN! I WONDER IF MARSH COULD HAVE BEEN RIGHT! I WONDER IF HE WAS KILLED ...TO SHUT HIM UP!

I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER, TOO! A MAN IS STABBED WITH A THREE SIDED BLADE, IN A LOCKED CELL, AND THE KILLER AND THE WEAPON BOTH VANISH! IT MIGHT BE ...NO! IT'S TOO **FANTASTIC!**



I TELL YOU, SIR, MARSH KNEW SOMETHING SO IMPORTANT THAT HE WAS KILLED FOR SPILLING IT! AND WARDEN ROBERTS KNOWS MORE THAN HE'S SAYING! I WANT TO GO BACK TO GORDON CITY PRISON...AS A **CONVICT!**

YOU! WHY YOUR LIFE WOULDN'T BE WORTH A PLUGGED NICKEL INSIDE THOSE WALLS! YOU'D BE RECOGNIZED!



NEITHER WOULD THE LIFE OF ANY OTHER AGENT! BUT THIS CASE CAN BE CRACKED FROM THE INSIDE! **I'LL TAKE THE RISK!** I WANT THE MAN WHO MURDERED ROLAND MARSH!

I SUPPOSE YOU COULD CHANGE YOUR APPEARANCE ENOUGH TO... ALL RIGHT, KEARNS! IT'S **YOUR CASE,** GO TO IT AND SMOKE OUT THE PUNKS WHO ARE TRYING TO GIVE OUR SPLENDID PRISON SYSTEM A BLACK EYE!



THE MAN WHO STOOD BEFORE WARDEN JAMES ROBERTS A FEW WEEKS LATER BORE VERY LITTLE RESEMBLANCE TO AGENT WALTER KEARNS!

QUITE A RECORD, LEECH! EVERYTHING FROM ASSAULT TO BANK ROBBERY!

**SO WHAT!**

SO YOU'RE HERE TO DO FIVE TO TEN! DO 'EM AND KEEP YOUR NOSE CLEAN AND YOU WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE! THAT'S ALL! TAKE HIM AWAY!





WALTER KEARNS KEPT HIS NOSE CLEAN--AND HIS EYES AND EARS WIDE OPEN...

THAT'LL BE FIFTY BUCKS!

YEAH, YEAH! I KNOW!



AND HE CULTIVATED THE RIGHT PEOPLE ...

IT'S A CINCH! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IN THIS JOINT IS PAY OFF AND YOU CAN HAVE ANYTHING YOU WANT! I SMUGGLED A NOTE OUT THE OTHER DAY FOR FIFTY BUCKS!

YEAH! SOUNDS SIMPLE! BUT DON'T TELL ME ONE CON CAN HANDLE A DEAL LIKE THAT ALL BY HIMSELF! WHO GETS THE FIFTY? WHO'S THE HEAD MAN?



JOE PARKS! THAT'S HIM OVER THERE! HE RUNS A REGULAR SERVICE! FIFTY CLAMS FOR SMUGGLING OUT A NOTE! THIRTY FOR AN EXTRA VISITORS PASS! HE'S GOT A GOOD DEAL!

YEAH! SO GOOD IT MIGHT PAY TO DO A LITTLE MUSCLIN' IN!



IT MIGHT IF YOU LIVE LONG ENOUGH! AND IF YOU COULD MAKE THE CONNECTIONS! PARKS HAS HIS BOYS SPOTTED IN THE BAKE SHOP, THE DISPENSARY, EVERYWHERE! AND HE'S TOUGH!

THEY DIDN'T SEND ME UP HERE BECAUSE I WAS A GOOD LITTLE BOY! MAYBE I'D BETTER DO A LITTLE SNOOPING!



THE RACKETEERS PARKS RAN WERE TOO PAT! IT WAS NOT REASONABLE THAT PARKS ALONE COULD HAVE ORGANIZED ALL THIS! SO KEARNS BEGAN SEARCHING FOR CLUES!

WELL, WELL! DOING A LITTLE PRIVATE INVESTIGATING, LEECH?

PARKS!



TAKE IT EASY, PARKS! I WAS JUST LOOKING FOR YOUR... YOUR PRIVATE LIST!

SURE YOU WERE! I'VE BEEN HEARING ABOUT YOU, LEECH! THINKING OF SETTING UP IN COMPETITION, EH? PRETTY SMART, SNEAKING IN HERE DURING EXERCISE! YOU NEED A LITTLE DISCOURAGING! TAKE HIM BOYS!





EVEN AS KNUCKLES BRUISED HIS FLESH, AND HEAVY SHOD FEET SMASHED AGAINST HIS BODY, G-MAN KEARNS WAS EXULTING INSIDE! PARKS DID NOT SUSPECT! TO HIM KEARNS WAS JUST ANOTHER CON! MOMENTS LATER...

I THOUGHT I HEARD A COMMOTION! OKAY, PARKS, WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

SEARCH ME! WE FOUND HIM LIKE THAT!

THAT..THAT'S RIGHT, GUARD! I FELL AND HIT MY FACE AGAINST THE BUNK!



THERE WERE NO QUESTIONS! THE GUARD DIDN'T ASK WHAT THESE MEN WERE DOING HERE WHEN THEY SHOULD BE IN THE YARD! THAT TOO, WAS FOOD FOR THOUGHT! BUT FOR THE MOMENT!

YOU WERE SMART TO KEEP QUIET, LEECH! WHAT YOU JUST GOT WAS ONLY A SAMPLE! TRY MUSCLIN! IN AND THE NEXT TIME IT'S CURTAINS!

MAYBE! IF THERE IS A NEXT TIME, THINGS MAY BE DIFFERENT!



THE CUTS AND BRUISES HE HAD RECEIVED WERE TO THE G-MAN, MORE INCIDENTALS INCURRED IN THE LINE OF DUTY! BUT HE HAD LEARNED A LESSON! FROM THEN ON, HE WORKED UNDER-COVER!

DON'T BE A CHUMP! I'LL PAY YOU TWICE AS MUCH AS PARKS DOES IF YOU WORK FOR ME!

SOUNDS GOOD! MAYBE WE CAN MAKE A DEAL, LEECH!

LOOK, SMILEY! I CAN USE A MUSCLE MAN! I'LL MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE! HOW ABOUT IT?

SURE, WHY NOT!



WITHIN A FEW WEEKS, KEARNS FORMED HIS OWN MOB AND WAS IN COMPETITION WITH PARKS!

I'M WARNING YOU, LEECH! QUIT WHILE YOU'RE STILL BREATHIN'!

AS LONG AS I'M HERE, I FIGURE TO MAKE IT PAY OFF! TRY AND STOP ME! JUST TRY!



WITHIN TWO MONTHS, KEARNS WAS A POWER WITHIN THOSE WALLS... AND POWER IS... DANGEROUS!

SOMEBODY WITH A SHIV! I'LL SIGNAL MY MOB TO MOVE UP!



IN ONE MOTION KEARNS DUCKED, WHIRLED... AND GRABBED! HIS HAND CLOSED OVER A MOIST, SKINNY WRIST...

OW-W-W! DROP IT BEFORE I BREAK YOUR ARM! WHO SENT YOU? WAS IT PARKS?

THAT'S RIGHT, LEECH! IT WAS PARKS! NOW TURN HIM LOOSE!



I'LL TURN HIM LOOSE ...WHEN I GET GOOD AND READY! IF YOU FEEL OTHERWISE... MAKE ME! YOU...UGH!

ALL RIGHT! I WILL!

HEY BOYS, LOOK!

HERE COMES LEECH'S PUNKS! LET 'EM HAVE IT!





WITHIN SECONDS...

THE GUARDS! THEY  
AREN'T EVEN PAYING  
ANY ATTENTION!  
THEY'RE PRETENDING  
NOT TO SEE!



FOR ALMOST TWENTY MINUTES, THE BATTLE  
RAGED... UNCHECKED! THEN...

LEECH! THIS ISN'T GETTING  
US ANYWHERE! I'LL TALK  
IF YOU WILL!

TALK? SURE  
I'LL TALK! HOLD  
IT, YOU GUYS!  
HOLD IT!



ALL RIGHT,  
PARKS!  
SPEAK  
YOUR  
PIECE!

OKAY! ALL THIS  
BATTLING AIN'T  
GETTING NEITHER  
OF US NOWHERE!  
YOU'VE GOT A  
PRETTY GOOD  
MOB WORKED  
UP NOW! I'LL  
MAKE A DEAL  
WITH YOU!  
FIFTY-FIFTY!



THIS WAS THE MOMENT  
THAT KEARNS HAD PLANNED,  
PLOTTED!

MAKE A DEAL,  
PARKS! BUT NOT  
WITH YOU! I'LL  
MAKE A DEAL  
WITH YOUR  
BOSS!

I'LL  
THE  
BOSS!



DON'T MAKE ME  
LAUGH! YOU MAY  
RUN THE RACKETS  
BUT SOMEBODY'S  
TELLING YOU  
HOW! THAT'S  
THE WAY I'LL  
DO BUSINESS  
WITH.

ALL RIGHT!  
YOU'LL GET  
TO TALK  
WITH THE  
BOSS! AND  
I HOPE  
YOU CHOKE  
ON EVERY  
WORD!



LAUGHING,  
THE G-MAN  
WALKED  
AWAY! BUT  
HE WAS  
NOT  
LAUGHING  
INSIDE!  
SOON HE  
WOULD  
KNOW IF  
HIS HUNCH  
WAS RIGHT!  
ALL THAT  
DAY HE  
WAITED  
RESTLESSLY!  
AND THAT  
NIGHT...

WELL,  
COME IN,  
LEECH,  
COME IN! PARKS  
SAYS  
YOU  
WANT  
TO TALK  
TO ME!

YOU! NO WONDER  
THE RACKETS RAN  
SO SMOOTHLY! THAT  
KNIFE! IT'S GOT A  
THREE SIDED BLADE!  
LIKE THE ONE THAT  
KILLED MARSH!



SO YOU HAD A HUNCH, EH?  
PARKS SAID YOU WERE SMART!  
BUT SIT DOWN! SIT DOWN!  
HAVE A CIGAR! WE'VE GOT  
A LOT TO TALK OVER!

YEAH! WE  
SURE  
HAVE!





EVEN AS HE MADE HIS "DEAL" WITH THE WARDEN, THE G-MAN WAS REMEMBERING...ROLAND MARSH! SOON THE WARDEN WOULD PAY FOR THAT! BUT LATER, AS KEARNS WAS LEAVING...

PLEASANT DREAMS, G-MAN!



G-MAN? YOU DON'T THINK YOU WERE FOOLING ME, DO YOU G-MAN? IT WAS THE KNIFE THAT GAVE YOU AWAY! YOU KEPT STARING AT IT! IT SET ME THINKING! YOU'RE NO CON! YOU'RE WALTER KEARNS!



SO YOU GUESSED! I SUPPOSE THAT MEANS MY NUMBERS UP...JUST AS MARSH'S WAS WHEN YOU STABBED HIM!

MARSH TALKED TOO MUCH...AND YOU KNOW TOO MUCH! BUT DON'T WORRY! I'M NOT GOING TO KILL YOU! I'VE GOT OTHER PLANS FOR YOU!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! SOONER OR LATER I'LL BE MISSED!

WON'T I? YOU'RE GOING TO ESCAPE, KEARNS! AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT THE NEWSPAPERS WILL SAY! AND MEANWHILE, YOU WILL BE RIGHT HERE IN SOLITARY WHERE I CAN GET YOU WHEN I WANT YOU!

YOU WANTED TO PLAY CONVICT, G-MAN! ALL RIGHT, GO AHEAD! LEARN WHAT IT'S REALLY LIKE! SLEEP TIGHT, G-MAN! HA, HA, HA, HA!



BURIED ALIVE! IN THAT BLACK, DEAD EMPTINESS, WALTER KEARNS LOST ALL TRACK OF TIME, BECAME A WITHERED, MISERABLE SHELL OF A MAN!

HOW DO YOU LIKE BEING BURIED DOWN HERE, G-MAN? YOUR F.B.I. FRIENDS ARE LOOKING FOR YOU! ONLY...THEY'RE LOOKING IN THE WRONG PLACE! HA, HA, HA!



DAYS, WEEKS, MONTHS, MONTHS OF BLACKNESS, OF EMPTINESS! AND THEN...

YOU CAME HERE TO LAUGH AT ME, BUT THIS TIME THE LAUGH IS ON YOU! HA, HA, HA, HA!

HIS MIND'S GONE! AND I THOUGHT G-MEN WERE SUPPOSED TO BE TOUGH!



SO FAR AS THE WARDEN WAS CONCERNED, WALTER KEARNS WAS NO LONGER A THREAT! BUT THE WARDEN WAS WRONG.

GENTLEMEN! THIS IS INDEED AN HONOR! AGENTS OF THE FBI ALWAYS ARE WELCOME HERE!

MAYBE YOU WON'T THINK SO WHEN WE GET THROUGH! WE WANT TO SEE YOUR SOLITARY CELLS, ROBERTS!







**EXCLUSIVE! SENSATIONAL CONFESSION OF RALPH SLATER!**

I'M RALPH SLATER. ONCE I HAD EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD TO LIVE FOR, AND THEN I THREW IT AWAY. BUT IT'S TOO LATE FOR SYMPATHY NOW. I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THE PRICE I'D HAVE TO PAY LONG AGO-- BEFORE I BECAME A...

**BIG TIME FENCE!**

**Big 52 pages! DON'T TAKE LESS!**

JUSTICE TRAPS THE MARCH NO. 24

**GUILTY**

READ THIS AMAZING EXPOSE AND OTHER OUTSTANDING FEATURES IN...



# CLOSEUPS

**OFFICER LEON** of a California city wishes that every lawbreaker had the guilty conscience that troubled the man who held up the Midtown Pharmacy.

Leon, alone in his prowl car, arrived at the pharmacy corner less than a minute after the thief had made his getaway on foot. Immediately, he drove west, then north, then east, hunting for his man. Before turning south and right in front of the police station, he saw a young man walking and called to him to find out if he had seen a suspicious character in the neighborhood.

Just as Leon started to get out of the car he received a call over his radio. He picked up the transmitter, asking the man to wait a minute. Instead, the man crossed the street and got in the prowl car, saying, "Okay, I'm your man. Let's go." The young man had failed to hear what Leon said and thought he was making an arrest.



So, for four straight nights, Harding balanced three jars of purple dye above a door. On the fourth night, the intruder called. When he opened the door, the jars tumbled off and spilled a vivid purple dye over him. The burglar scurried away, empty-handed.

Harding's next step was simple. He telephoned the police. It proved an easy matter for the officers to find the "purple man."

## A SLIGHT OVERSIGHT

Trying a petty larceny case in an Oregon community some months ago, the prosecution came sharply to its feet, because a sharp-eyed attorney for the defense pointed out to the court that there wasn't any local law by means of which his client could be convicted.

The prosecution rubbed its eyes and sent out a hurried call for the City Council to pass a new ordinance! For a check of the records revealed that the city fathers, when they founded the town 80 years ago, failed to make it a crime to steal anything worth less than \$30.

## CHAMPION DON JUAN

Said the judge in sentencing John Carlisle of London, England, to penal servitude for bigamy, "I think the world never contained a more infamous scoundrel than you."

And the judge was so right. Not only was Carlisle married to seven women at the same time, but he had become engaged to marry over five hundred more. When the police raided the Cupid Clearing House where Leslie lived in bachelor quarters, they found nearly 6000 love letters written by infatuated women to this handsome record-breaking Don Juan. And many of these letters had contained remittances of money to defray the imaginary hospital expenses, or cost of protracted illness, or to buy off creditors who were annoying their fiancée.

## PRANK PAYS OFF

For months, an elusive housebreaker harassed Artist Timothy Harding. Hardly a week passed by that the burglar didn't break into Harding's paternal home in a rural community in Wales and make off with some valuable object.

Tired of the repeated burglaries, Harding determined to trap the robber. His small son suggested a schoolboy prank which Harding was willing to give a try.

## A RECORD CATCH

Fred Mallard was going 80 miles an hour in California recently when a pursuing police officer's bullets caught up with him.

But Mallard's record went even faster than just speeding! Not long ago he slid down from the 13th floor of the General Hospital Prison Ward on a rope made of sheets. Then he stole a car and pulled off a \$900 safe robbery. Then he drove through the crowded streets at 80 miles an hour, cracking a utility pole and shearing off a water hydrant before a hail of bullets brought him down.

## THE WRONG SIGN

George Ade, a deaf mute from Illinois was hailed into court by his wife on a charge of assault and battery. The judge administered justice to the guilty man by giving him a stiff fine.

Ade paid up, but afterwards finger-talked the judge until his Honor, half-dazed, absently nodded his head. Whereupon his wife rushed up to the bench crying, "Judge, my husband just asked you if he could beat me up again if he paid his fine and you nodded your head yes." The judge quickly called back Ade and shook his head no.



Meet Walter Duclair - brutal, callous, calculating. Nothing about his shameful scheme disturbed him - nothing, that is, except the startling discovery that staggered him at the payoff for the...

# DEATH FLIGHT!



AT FOUR A.M. ON THE MORNING OF MAY 9, 1949, TWO MEN STOOD IN THE TICKET OFFICE OF INTERPORT AIRLINES, ONE OF THE LARGEST AIRPORTS IN THE EAST. ONE OF THESE TWO MEN HELD A WAD OF BILLS. THE OTHER... A GUN.

COME ON, COME ON, I WANT ALL OF IT! YOU'VE GOT MORE IN THAT DRAWER! I WANT IT! AND DON'T SO MUCH AS BLINK AN EYELASH WHILE YOU'RE GETTING IT! IT MIGHT BE YOUR LAST BLINK!

I... I'VE GIVEN YOU ALL OF IT! THE DRAWER'S EMPTY!



OKAY! THEN I'LL TAKE THAT BAG YOU KEEP UNDER THE COUNTER! THE ONE WITH THE REAL DOUGH IN IT! THE DOUGH YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO DEPOSIT IN THE MORNING!

YOU... HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT? YOU... WAIT THAT MINUTE! THAT VOICE! I'VE HEARD IT BEFORE! DUCLAIR! YOU'RE WALTER DUCLAIR. THAT'S HOW YOU KNEW!











AND YOU KNOW HOW TO GET DOUGH, DON'T YOU, DUCLAIR? JUST LIKE YOU DID THE NIGHT JOHNSON WAS KILLED!

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN? ARE YOU INSINUATING THAT I... WHY, YOU...



TAKE IT EASY, DUCLAIR! I CAN PUT TWO AND TWO TOGETHER! EVERY TIME A HOLDUP'S BEEN PULLED AROUND HERE, YOU SUDDENLY START SPENDING DOUGH! STOP ME IF I'M WRONG!

YOU'VE GOT A BIG MOUTH, TRACY! TOO BIG FOR YOUR OWN GOOD! I'LL STOP YOU! PERMANENTLY!



DON'T BE A FOOL! IF I WAS GOING TO HOLLER COPPER, I'D HAVE DONE IT LONG AGO! I LIKE EASY MONEY TOO, DUCLAIR! TOGETHER, WE COULD DO ALL RIGHT! HOW ABOUT IT?

SO THAT'S THE ANGLE! ALL RIGHT, TRACY! I'LL CUT YOU IN! I CAN USE YOU ON A JOB I'VE GOT FIGURED OUT!

FOR WEEKS, THE UNHOLY ALLIANCE FORMED THAT DAY DID NOTHING! THERE WAS A GOOD REASON FOR THAT IDLENESS...

MORE QUESTIONS! LOOK, DUCLAIR, I'M GETTING SICK OF THIS! IF I'M GOING TO COVER FOR YOU I WANT IT TO PAY OFF! WHEN DO WE PULL THAT BIG JOB YOU'RE ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT?

WHEN THE HEAT'S OFF AND NOT BEFORE! THOSE COPS ARE STILL NOSING AROUND! THEY'VE GOT A HUNCH WHOEVER KILLED JOHNSON WORKS AROUND HERE! WE WAIT!



IT WAS MORE THAN A HUNCH THAT THE POLICE HAD! BUT THEN THERE WAS NOTHING FOR THEM TO GO ON! ONE DAY THE HEAT DIED! AND WHEN IT DID, WALTER DUCLAIR'S WARPED BRAIN WAS READY...



YOU'RE CRAZY! I WANT DOUGH, SURE! BUT IF I KNEW WHAT THIS BIG SCHEME OF YOURS WAS I'D NEVER HAVE THROWN IN WITH YOU!

SURE I'M CRAZY... LIKE A FOX! IT'S SO SIMPLE... IT'S BEAUTIFUL! EVERY PASSENGER ON A COMMERCIAL PLANE IS INSURED! ON INTERSTATE THAT INSURANCE IS TWENTY GRAND PER! THAT'S REAL DOUGH!



SURE IT IS! BUT...

BUT, MY EYE! ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS FIND SOME OLD BUM, SHOVE HIM ON A PASSENGER PLANE AND HAVE HIS INSURANCE MADE PAYABLE TO ONE OF US! THEN, WHEN THE PLANE CRASHES...





IT'S A CINCH! A CLOCK, A FEW STICKS OF DYNAMITE PLANTED IN THE RIGHT SPOT AND... **BLAM!**

YOU ARE CRAZY! THOSE PLANES CARRY TWENTY OR THIRTY PEOPLE! YOU'D KILL THEM ALL!



LOOK, RAT, YOU ASKED FOR AN IN! NOW YOU'VE GOT IT! I'VE GOT ONE KILLING TO ANSWER FOR ALREADY... ADDING YOU TO THE LIST WOULDN'T MEAN A THING! ARE YOU IN OR NOT?

NO! WHY THAT... THAT'S WHOLE-SALE MURDER! I DIDN'T BARGAIN FOR THAT! I...



YOU DIDN'T BARGAIN FOR **THIS**, EITHER, AND THIS IS JUST A SAMPLE! **UGH!**



WALTER DUCLAIR'S PARTNER WENT DOWN... AND OUT! WHEN HE OPENED HIS EYES AGAIN, IT WAS TO FIND HIMSELF STARING AT DEATH...

WHAT'LL IT BE, TRACY? A FISTFUL OF DOUGH... OR A RODFULL OF LEAD?

I'LL TAKE THE DOUGH! I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU SAY!



THAT'S BETTER, TRACY! WHEN I FIND A PROSPECT, I'LL LET YOU KNOW! SO LONG, FOR NOW... PAL!



FOR A MAN OF WALTER DUCLAIR'S PECULIAR TALENTS, FINDING A "PROSPECT" WAS NO GREAT PROBLEM! DUCLAIR WENT FISHING IN THE MURKY WATERS OF SKID ROW! WHAT HE "HOOKED" WAS...

MAYBE WE OUGHT TO CALL THE WHOLE THING OFF! I'M **SCARED!**

I WENT TO A LOT OF TROUBLE TO FIND THIS OLD WRECK! YOU'RE GOING THROUGH WITH IT, AFTER HE SLEEPS IT OFF, GET HIM CLEANED UP! I'M GOING DOWN TO GET HIS TICKET! DON'T TRY TO PULL ANYTHING, EITHER!



DON'T WORRY, I... I WON'T!

YOU'D BETTER NOT! THE BLUE COMET TAKES OFF AT FIVE IN THE MORNING AND HE'S **GOING TO BE ON IT!** HE THINKS HE'S TAKING A MESSAGE TO BOSTON FOR ME! THE OLD SAP!





WALTER DUCLAIR WAS AN EXPERT MECHANIC! HIS DEVICE WHICH HE HID ABOARD THE BLUE COMET WAS SIMPLE... AND DEADLY! HE WAS GRINNING WHEN HE AND TRACY LEFT THE PLANE! BUT TRACY WAS NOT...







IN EVERY "PERFECT" PLAN, THERE IS ALWAYS AT LEAST ONE UNFORESEEN CIRCUMSTANCE! THIS WAS DUCLAIR'S! BUT IT DID NOT ALTER HIS PLANS! LATER...

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHY?

YOU DON'T HAVE TO! THESE ARE RAILROAD TICKETS FOR YOU AND THE KID, TO BOSTON! I'M GOING ON AHEAD, NOW! YOU'LL FIND MY ADDRESS IN THIS ENVELOPE!



BUT, WHY?

BECAUSE I SAY SO! I'VE GOT A BIG DEAL ON! A BIG DEAL! WHEN IT'S OVER WE'LL BE ROLLING IN DOUGH! WE'RE LEAVING THIS BURG...FOR GOOD! JUST DO AS I SAY!

HELEN DUCLAIR LOVED HER HUSBAND! PERHAPS IN HIS WARPED, TWISTED WAY, HE LOVED HER TOO! BUT HE WAS NOT THINKING OF LOVE WHEN HE STOPPED AT TRACY'S ROOM! NOR LATER AT THE AIRPORT...



YOU'RE ALL SET, POP! HERE'S THE DOUGH I PROMISED YOU! REMEMBER, DELIVER THAT LETTER IN PERSON! NOW, YOU'D BETTER GET ABOARD!

UH...SURE... YEAH... SURE...



FLIGHT NINE, THE BLUE COMET, NOW TAKING ON PASSENGERS! FLIGHT NINE TAKING ON PASSENGERS!

SO LONG, POP! GIVE MY REGARDS TO OLD SATAN HIMSELF!



WITHIN HALF AN HOUR, DUCLAIR WAS ON HIS WAY TO BOSTON! BY MORNING OF THE NEXT DAY, HE HAD ARRIVED! AND SOMETIME DURING THAT NIGHT...



IN BOSTON, WALTER DUCLAIR PAUSED ONLY LONG ENOUGH TO BUY A NEWSPAPER! IT TOLD OF THE MYSTERIOUS MURDER OF A MECHANIC NAMED TRACY... AND OF THE CRASH OF AN AIRLINER! THEN HE WENT ON TO THE HOTEL ROOMS HE HAD RESERVED...

HELLO, DUCLAIR, WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!

POLICE! I...I... WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

WE'LL SHOW YOU, DUCLAIR! ALL RIGHT, JENNINGS! BRING HIM IN!



YOU! BUT IT... IT CAN'T BE!

IT CAN BE, DUCLAIR...AND IT IS! YOU SEE, YOUR FRIEND HERE MISSED THE PLANE! A GUARD FOUND HIM WANDERING AROUND THE AIRPORT WHERE YOU LEFT HIM! HE TOLD QUITE A STORY!





STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, etc. REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1936 OF HEADLINE COMICS, published 21-monthly at Buffalo, N. Y. for October 1, 1950.

State of New York } ss.  
County of New York }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Maurice Rosenfeld, who, having been duly sworn according to law, depose and state that he is the Business Manager of the HEADLINE COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, a true statement of the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the State aforesaid in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, entitled in section 237, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Headline Publics Inc., Inc., 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.; Editor, Devin Piller, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.; Managing editor, same; Business manager, Maurice Rosenfeld, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the name and address of the individual owner must be given. If owned by a firm, partnership or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual owner must be given. Headline Publications, Inc., 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.; Michael M. Piller, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.; Thomas Epstein, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgagees or other securities are: (If there are none, so state) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee in any other fiduciary relation the name of the person or corporation by whom such trustee is acting, as given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affirmant's full knowledge and belief as to the citizenship and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affirmant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

MAURICE ROSENFELD, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of September, 1950.  
Jean E. Schneider, Notary Public. (Commission expires March 30, 1951.)



THE GUILTY ALWAYS LEAVE A CLUE...

# ASHES OF GUILT

ONLY a person who has patiently unraveled a skein of twisted yarn will understand the miraculous way in which Deputy Sheriff Len Raymond of a small Illinois county untangled the complicated murder plot that shocked and amazed the citizens of a Mississippi town and a California city a few years ago.

Kurt Grunden and his wife Eloise were among the most respected citizens of the Mississippi community. Modest and retiring, Eloise surprised her intimate friends when she reported that twice she had found a note tied to a milk bottle threatening her with death if she didn't leave her husband whom she dearly loved and elope with a man she scarcely knew.

Then one Sunday night it happened. Mrs. Grunden was seen walking in the park by some fellow lady club members. She seemed in good spirits, smiled and said that she was going to meet someone.

That was the last that was seen of Mrs. Grunden. Mr. Grunden promptly reported her disappearance to the police. He also mentioned the threatening notes she had received. They had been signed "James" and he assumed that his wife had destroyed them. Neither he nor she had taken them seriously.

For five weeks there was no trace of Mrs. Grunden to be found. Then, in April, two fishermen, rowing on the broad bosom of the Mississippi River found a boat floating down stream. Its only occupant was the dead body of a woman. The place is between Missouri and Illinois. And here is where Sheriff Len Raymond stepped into the picture and took charge of the case.

## DISCOVERS POSTCARD

In the woman's purse was found a picture postcard addressed to Mrs. Edna Rojackie, Tennessee. On the other side a message: "Hope you are well. Regards from all. George."

There were no signs of violence. Dr. Benjamin Bryant said that the woman appeared to be in good health and suggested that an autopsy should be performed if a relative could be found to give the necessary permission.

At the undertaker's an envelope was found pinned to one of the woman's undergarments. It contained \$45 in cash and a card which identified her

as Mrs. Eloise Grunden of Mississippi, and directed that in the event of accident or death, her sister, Mrs. Ward Arthur of Illinois was to be notified. Mrs. Arthur said that the deceased looked like her sister, a small woman, whom she had not seen for 20 years. She also said that she did not know her sister had married Mr. Grunden.

Kurt Grunden, upon his arrival from Mississippi, set all doubt at rest by identifying the body as belonging to his beloved wife, Eloise, who he said had a bad heart.

Grunden was not willing at first for an autopsy to be made, but Raymond insisted. The toxicologist reported that he found enough strychnine in her stomach to have killed six persons. Further questioning of Grunden revealed that his wife had \$40,000 life insurance and he had \$20,000. But he had plenty of witnesses back in Mississippi to prove that he was there all the time and could not have murdered his wife eight miles north of St. Louis. Meanwhile Raymond had slipped away to Mississippi to examine the Grunden home while Grunden was making arrangements to bury his wife in Illinois.

## TELEGRAM CONFUSES ISSUE

When Sheriff Raymond returned to Illinois, he found that a telegram had come in his absence from California police informing him that Eloise Grunden had been arrested there and was being held for him.

Confronted with this news, Kurt Grunden stoutly declared, "That's utterly ridiculous. I surely know my wife's body when I see it." But Raymond pressed him closely and Grunden began to hem and haw and contradict himself. It was then that Sheriff Raymond played his trump card. "The mistake you made, Grunden, was to burn a recent letter from your wife and leave the ashes in your fireplace at home. The handwriting of your wife, giving her address in California, showed up white on the black ash of the paper."

Grunden then confessed that he and his wife and a friend named Quick had framed the whole scheme to collect and split the insurance. When he read about the disappearance of Mrs. Arthur's sister 20 years ago, he advertised for a housekeeper and interviewed over 100 applicants in Tennessee until he found one who looked like the newspaper description of the sister, as well as like Eloise Grunden. Quick had poisoned the housekeeper, stolen the boat and set the body afloat.

Subsequently Quick died, Mrs. Grunden died in the jail at California, and Kurt Grunden got life imprisonment.





Somewhere in the dense wildness of the tiny island lurked a spider--a spider who wove the most vicious web of terror and death that ever challenged the ingenuity of a...

# JUNGLE SLEUTH!



ALMOST LOST IN THE VAST EX-PANSE OF THE PACIFIC IS A SMALL, TROPICAL ISLAND CALLED TRINAC. VISITORS ARE FEW AND FAR BETWEEN ON TRINAC. BUT ON THE MORN-ING OF APRIL 9, 1949, THE ISLAND DID HAVE A VISITOR... A VISITOR CALLED DEATH...



AND ON THE AFTERNOON OF THAT SAME DAY, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS IN THE CITY OF BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA.

WHOEVER THIS FRITZ IS, HE'S EFFICIENT. ACCORD-ING TO THIS RADIOGRAM YOU SHOWED ME, THE MURDER ONLY TOOK PLACE THIS MORNING.

HE'S EFFICIENT, ALL RIGHT! HE RADIOED US ALMOST AS SOON AS HE DISCOVERED THE BODY! BUT IT'S NOT SURPRISING! WE'VE CHECKED ON HIM! HE'S AN EFFICIENCY EXPERT!





ACE PHOSPHATES PRACTICALLY OWNS TRINAC. THEY SENT FRITZ DOWN THERE TO STEP UP PRODUCTION! WHEN YOU GET THERE, HE OUGHT TO BE USEFUL! HE'S AN **AUTHORITY** ON THE ISLANDS!

THAT'S IT, THEN! I'LL BE ON MY WAY! AS THE AMERICANS SAY... WILL DO!



WITHIN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS OF THE TIME THAT JAMES BROCK, PORT MANAGER OF THE ACE PHOSPHATES CO. ON TRINAC, WAS MURDERED, SENIOR DETECTIVE SERGEANT LUKE MACAULEY WAS AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...

YOU'LL BE WANTING TO SEE THE MURDER WEAPON AND THE PLACE WHERE THE CRIME WAS COMMITTED, SERGEANT! THE MURDERER IS STILL ON THE ISLAND! NO SHIPS HAVE LEFT SINCE...

SURE, FRITZ! BUT FIRST, I WANT A SHOWER! YOU REALLY GET WEATHER DOWN HERE! WHEW!



A SHOWER! THAT'S HARDLY EFFICIENCY, SERGEANT! WHILE YOU DAWDLE THE KILLER MIGHT BE MAKING HIS ESCAPE!

THE KILLER ISN'T GOING ANYWHERE! I STOPPED IN AT THE MAIN OFFICE OF ACE PHOSPHATES BEFORE I FLEW OUT! THEY TOLD ME THAT THERE'S JUST ONE SHIP A MONTH IN HERE!



THIS ISLAND IS JUST SIX MILES SQUARE, MR. FRITZ... AND IT'S A THOUSAND MILES FROM THE MAINLAND! THE KILLER IS STILL HERE AND I'LL FIND HIM! BUT FIRST, I WANT THAT SHOWER!

I SEE! VERY WELL, THEN! KOLO, HERE, WILL DRIVE YOU TO YOUR BUNGALOW! HE'LL BRING YOU OVER TO MY PLACE WHEN YOU'VE HAD YOUR SHOWER! GOOD-BYE, SERGEANT!



LATER...

TELL ME, KOLO... WHAT DID YOU THINK OF MR. BROCK? WAS HE THE SORT OF MAN WHO PROVOKED KILLING?

NO, NO! MEESTER BROCK GOOD MAN! ALL BOY LIKE MEESTER BROCK! GOOD MAN! KIND MAN!



HMM! OKAY, KOLO! BRING THE JEEP AROUND FRONT! I WANT YOU TO DRIVE ME OVER TO MR. FRITZ'S PLACE! I'LL BE READY IN A FEW MINUTES!



TRINAC ISLAND IS SMALL, BUT EXCEPT FOR THE BARREN HILL FROM WHICH IT'S PHOSPHATES ARE DUG, IT IS JUNGLE... JUNGLE SO DENSE THAT IT IS A PERFECT HIDING PLACE FOR... A KILLER!

KOLO! WHAT...

AH-HH-HH!





FOR SO BIG A MAN, MACAULEY COULD MOVE WITH AMAZING SWIFTNESS! IN AN INSTANT, HE HAD SEIZED THE WHEEL AND BROUGHT THE JEEP TO A HALT!

DEAD...KILLED BY A DART...



LATER... IT'S A DART FROM A BLOWGUN! AND IT'S POISONED TO BOOT! KARILI JUICE! KILLS ALMOST AT ONCE! I WAS RIGHT! THE KILLER IS A NATIVE!

MAYBE!

MAYBE! JUST WHAT ARE YOU INSINUATING? IT TAKES YEARS TO LEARN TO USE A BLOWGUN ACCURATELY! IT HAS TO BE A NATIVE!



THERE ARE THREE WHITE MEN ON THIS ISLAND BESIDE MYSELF AND SEVERAL HUNDRED NATIVES AND CHINESE LABORERS! THE KILLER COULD BE ANYONE!

THEN YOU MIGHT TRY TO FIND WHICH ONE! IT WOULD SEEM TO ME THAT THE PLACE TO BEGIN IS BROCK'S BUNGALOW!

TO THE THREE MEN WHO WATCHED MACAULEY INSPECT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME, HE MUST HAVE SEEMED A SLOW, FLODDING FOOL! BUT THOSE TINY, DEEP-SET EYES MISSED VERY LITTLE...

TWO FLOWER POTS! THE TRACES OF EARTH ON THE FLOOR INDICATES THERE WAS A THIRD! HAS ANYONE BEEN IN HERE SINCE YOU FOUND THE BODY, FRITZ?

OF CORSE NOT! I SAW TO THAT, BUT FLOWER POTS HARDLY SEEM TO HAVE A BEARING ON MURDER!

THEY MIGHT... IF OF THE KILLER ACCIDENTALLY BROKE ONE AND STOPPED TO CLEAN UP THE MESS BEFORE HE LEFT!

OF COURSE A MURDERER WOULD STOP TO CLEAN UP AFTER KILLING A MAN! THAT IDEA REALLY IS RIDICULOUS!



PROBABLY! IT DOES SEEM UNLIKELY! TELL ME... WHO ON THIS ISLAND WOULD KNOW EVERYTHING THAT GOES ON IN WAY OF NATIVE GOSSIP!

THAT WOULD BE CHANG! HE HEARS JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING THAT GOES ON!

AND JUST WHO IS THIS CHANG?

HE RUNS THE BAR AND GAMBLING HOUSE! IT'S THE ONLY AMUSEMENT PLACE ON THE ISLAND! I'LL TAKE YOU THERE!

AS FOR ME, I'M FOR BED! GOOD NIGHT!

AND ME! IF YOU SHOULD MANAGE TO STUMBLE OVER ANYTHING, MACAULEY, LET ME KNOW! BUT I DOUBT IT!





LATER, MACAULEY VISITED CHANG'S!

NO! NO!  
I KNOW  
NOTHING!  
NOTHING!

ALL RIGHT, CHANG! YOU'VE BEEN  
TELLING US THAT FOR HALF AN  
HOUR NOW! IF YOU WON'T TALK,  
I CAN'T FORCE YOU!  
FORGET IT!



HE'S SCARED!  
HE DOES  
KNOW  
SOMETHING!  
BUT  
WHAT!

I'M NOT SURE, BUT  
I'VE GOT AN IDEA! HE  
WOULDN'T BE THAT  
WORRIED IF THE INFOR-  
MATION HE'S HIDING WAS  
ABOUT A NATIVE! IT IS JUST  
POSSIBLE THAT... COME ON!  
I WANT TO SEE THE COMPANY  
BOOKS!



THAT NIGHT...

NO QUESTION  
ABOUT IT,  
MACAULEY! THERE'S A BIG  
SHORTAGE! SOMEONE'S  
DONE A CLEVER JOB, BUT  
ANY ONE OF US INCLUDING  
BROCK, MIGHT HAVE DONE  
IT! BUT WHAT WOULD  
ANYONE DO  
WITH MONEY  
HERE?

I CAN ANSWER  
THAT ONE!  
GAMBLE AT  
CHANG'S! THAT'S  
WHY CHANG WAS  
SCARED! HE  
KNOWS! I'M  
GOING BACK  
THERE! THIS TIME,  
HE'LL TALK!



BUT CHANG WAS NOT TO TALK THAT NIGHT!  
NOT THAT NIGHT... NOR EVER!

CHANG...  
ANOTHER  
DART...



NEXT NIGHT...

I'VE CALLED YOU  
HERE BECAUSE  
I THINK YOU  
SHOULD KNOW  
WHAT I HAVE  
DECIDED! WHILE  
IT IS POSSIBLE  
THAT THE  
KILLER IS  
A NATIVE...  
I DON'T  
THINK SO!

IN OTHER  
WORDS, YOU  
THINK IT WAS  
ONE OF US!

AND MAY  
I ASK  
HOW YOU  
ARRIVED  
AT THAT  
CONCLUSION,  
SERGEANT!



BY LISTING MY FACTS... AND  
CONNECTING THEM! ONE...  
BROCK IS KILLED! TWO...  
A SHORTAGE IS FOUND  
IN THE COMPANY BOOKS!  
THREE...  
CHANG IS  
KILLED! IT  
ALL TIES  
TOGETHER!

THAT MAY  
MAKE SENSE  
TO YOU, BUT  
NOT TO US!  
HOW DOES  
IT TIE  
TOGETHER?



SIMPLY! THE KILLER IS NOT  
ONLY A KILLER BUT ALSO AN  
EMBEZZLER AND A GAMBLER!  
BROCK WAS KILLED BECAUSE  
HE DISCOVERED THE  
SHORTAGE! CHANG...  
BECAUSE HE KNEW  
WHO HAD BEEN  
LOSING HEAVILY  
IN GAMBLING!

AND  
KOLO!  
WHAT  
ABOUT  
KOLO?





CAMOUFLAGE! KOLO WAS KILLED FOR ONLY ONE REASON! TO MAKE ME THINK THE MURDERER WAS A NATIVE! BUT I KNOW DIFFERENT! I DID SOME HUNTING THIS MORNING AND I FOUND...THESE!



WHY, IT'S NOTHING BUT THE BROKEN PIECES OF A FLOWER POT!



THAT'S RIGHT! THE ONE BROKEN IN BROCK'S ROOM! AND ONE OF THE PIECES HAD A FINGERPRINT ON IT! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS MATCH IT!

I HAVE THE PIECE WITH THE PRINT IN MY EUNGALOW! I INTEND TO FINGERPRINT EVERYONE ON THIS ISLAND... BEGINNING WITH YOU THREE TOMORROW MORNING AT NINE! GOOD NIGHT, GENTLEMEN!



WHEN THE THREE MEN HAD LEFT, MACAULEY RETURNED TO THE PALM-THATCHED HUT WHICH WAS HIS TEMPORARY HOME! THERE HE MADE CERTAIN PREPARATIONS FOR THE VISITOR HE KNEW WOULD COME!



NOW! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS WAIT!

GOOD-BYE, MR. MACAULEY!



THE DART FROM A BLOWGUN IS SWIFT...AND SILENT!



ARGHH!

YOU... YOU!

YOU WERE TOO CLEVER, SERGEANT! TOO BAD! BUT DON'T WORRY! IT WILL ONLY HURT FOR A MOMENT MORE! THEN...









IT SHOULD HAVE, BUT IT DIDN'T! THERE WERE THREE INCHES OF CLOTH PADDING BETWEEN THAT DART AND MY SPINE, FRITZ! I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!



YOU SEE, I SUSPECTED YOU ALMOST FROM THE FIRST! BUT I HAD TO BE SURE! THAT'S WHY I MENTIONED THE FINGER-PRINT! THE ONE ON THE BROKEN PIECE OF FLOWER POT! I *KNEW* YOU'D COME FOR IT!



SMART, AREN'T YOU?

NOT SO SMART! BUT YOU WERE STUPID! IT ALMOST HAD TO BE YOU! YOU WERE AN EXPERT ON BOOKS! YOU WERE AN EXPERT ON THE ISLAND! IF IT WASN'T A NATIVE, IT HAD TO BE YOU! YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE LIKELY TO KNOW HOW TO USE A BLOWGUN!



FUNNY, THOUGH, I DIDN'T THINK OF ALL THOSE FACTS! NOT UNTIL I FOUND OUT ABOUT THE MISSING FLOWER POT! IT TAKES A PECULIAR KIND OF MAN TO STOP AND CLEAN UP A BROKEN FLOWER POT AFTER COMMITTING MURDER!



A MAN LIKE YOU! A MAN IN WHOM NEATNESS AND SYSTEM ARE SO EMBEDDED THAT HE WOULD DO IT AUTOMATICALLY! AN EFFICIENT MAN!



BUT EVEN THEN I DIDN'T HAVE PROOF! THAT WAS WHY I SET THIS TRAP, FRITZ! AND YOU FELL FOR MY BAIT! YOU CAME LOOKING FOR A FINGERPRINT THAT EXISTS ONLY IN MY HEAD!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



I DON'T HAVE YOUR FINGER-PRINT! I DON'T EVEN HAVE THE FLOWER POT YOU BROKE! THE PIECES I SHOWED YOU WERE FROM A POT I BROKE MYSELF! ONE FLOWER POT IS LIKE ANOTHER... AND ONE KILLER IS LIKE ANOTHER TOO! THEY ALL WIND UP THE SAME WAY! ON THE GALLOWES! LET'S GO, FRITZ!

